

LOVE'S ROSARY

BY NELL BRINKLEY



No man who sports souvenirs of little heart affairs, his chests of letters, pale blue and gray, sweetly perfumed with the haunting odors of faded ladies' hands clinging still about them, the tiny side drawer of his desk filled with piteous odds and ends, a little blue bow creased and faded; the tiny white fan with ivory sticks and tarnished butterflies in white and gold patiently spread upon it; a white glove with a curve of a girl's fingers still plain upon it; one thick, soft lock of hair still live and glittering, deep gold and curling about his fingers when he takes it in his curious palm; a baby-

ish locket with a smiling face veiled in dark, soft hair looking out of the blackened frame; a ring or two, dumb and telling no tales; a wrist ribbon of narrow velvet dreaming of the smooth fingers that loosened it and gave it away in an ardent breath, and a dry little knot of mignonette in a bit of tissue paper—no man who boasts of keepsakes and carries countless faces about in his heart can match with Eros himself—the vain! Eros the trifler, Eros the egotist, Eros the Lady-Killer! For about his small person when he dotes himself up he wears a chain of amber beads, and within each bead a girl's face crystallized—

imprisoned there. Love's Rosary! And do you know—he has known so many girls (you'd never be able to count up the number), for he loves all girls—Dan does—plain and small and splendid and gay, and sad and wall-flowery, and beautiful and sweet—and all the girls in the world is a heap, let me tell you—like the star dust they are—where was I?—so many girls that the Rosary he wears would reach around the world and back again to the land where Love hangs out. And, swung on the end, this vain person carries an image of himself in gold with diamond eyes and rubies for lips!

A NEW BASQUE GOWN



Not half so smart, is the comb that stands out from the hair in conspicuous alertness, as the new "clinging comb" which becomes part of the graceful line of the coiffure. One of these new curved combs is pictured here. An oddly shaped affair it is of an inset design of tiny rhinestones. The curve of the shell comb corresponds with the curve of the head and the three prongs of white metal and rhinestones are most effective against the soft waves of hair. Such a comb demands a very simple coiffure; the hair is waved and drawn back close to the head, not tightly, but absolutely without any artificial aid to bouffancy underneath.

"Do you read all the war news?" "Every line of it." "And can you pronounce the awful names of those places?" "Dear me, no. Whenever any other town than London or Berlin or Paris is mentioned I just skip right over the name."—Detroit Free Press.

"Terrible predicament Jones was in." "What was that?" "Got in hot water and couldn't get anybody to bail him out."—Baltimore American.



Basque gown of taffeta with lace and batiste yolk laced at the front with ribbons; three tier skirt. This is one of the latest designs from Paris.



What will become of our strenuous young women when they don the wattle styles of the summer? Styles that bring visions of shepherd's crooks and wooly lambkins and picturesque maidens posing on marble terraces. Our girls who always believe in the fitness of things, oh how will they reconcile these with motor cars and tango tents, with suffragettes and golf? They may be able to subdue the gowns and train them to their use, but who could converse on "Votes for Women" under a lackadaisical fascinating chapeau such as the one shown today. Leghorn was the shape trimmed with bunches of yellow blossoms and black velvet ribbon over old blue moire ribbon. These outlined the base of the crown, were brought to a point at front and back and hung in streamers from beneath a cluster of flowers beneath the brim at the back.

THE LATEST IN SPORT CLOTHES

Republished by Special Arrangement with HARPER'S BAZAR, the Oldest and Greatest Woman's Magazine.



And here is a suit of silk jersey with a circular skirt buttoning in front and a modified Norfolk jacket plaited in the back. With it is worn a reversible hat of hemp and ribbon and low tennis shoes of white buckskin strapped in brown leather.

For the horsewoman who wishes to show her horses in the ring here are a skirt of black and white check and a black coat. This fastens with one button and displays the white flannel waistcoat piped in black. A black satin stock and linen collar complete the outfit.

For tennis the sportswoman selects a linen skirt, with plaits on the side to give freedom of action, and a red and white blazer. She wears striped stockings, with tie of crepe de chine to match the stripes, with a silk tam.

THE BEST MODELS FROM PARIS



Though Callot retains the long straight lines in her evening frocks, she does add fullness to her skirts by a plaited underskirt similar to this one of green plaited satin. The overdress of black satin is embroidered in green and the upper part of the corsage is of black satin.

One of the most surprising models was a combination cape and coat of mustard-colored velours de laine lined with peacock blue satin veiled by chiffon in the same tone. Camille Roger tucks two small red roses into the dark blue taffeta bow of her hat.

In fact, Callot even shows plaited skirts of unmistakable fullness on several of her most popular evening models. To be sure the material is a filmy tulle. In this dinner frock she has added a bodice of filet lace girdled in Grecian fashion by bands of pearl and gold embroidery.